POEMS,

BY

FRANCIS DOBBS, Esq.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

TO

MRS. and MISS BARTON.

TO whom can I more properly inſcribe the following Poems, than to you, Ladies, who were among the firſt that ever peruſed them; and who in every change of my variegated life have ſhewn me the moſt ſteady and diſintereſted friendſhip. This was however natural to you, whoſe minds have proved equally ſuperior to adverſe, and to proſperous fortunes.

DEDICATIONS are often, with juſtice, accuſed of flattery; but, when I point out the maternal fondneſs of the one, and the filial duty of the other, all who know you muſt acknowledge the juſtice of the obſervation. Few like you, my dear Mrs. BARTON, have in the prime of life devoted their days to the only pledge of a

pure and delicate love: And as few, my dear Miſs BARTON, would have equally benefited by thoſe inſtructions.

I HAVE long known the refined and generous feelings of both your hearts, which raiſe you far more above the level of mankind, than the ample fortune you now poſſeſs. You will uſe it to do good; and well would it be for the world, if fortune only belonged to ſuch as you. Go on then in the cultivation of thoſe qualities, which will give you at length unfading glory. My endeavours ſhall be aimed at the ſame object; and it will add to my happineſs to find in another ſtate, that our friendſhip is to be unalterable and eternal.

I am, with real eſteem,

Your obliged and affectionate,

October, 1788. FRANCIS DOBBS.

POEMS.

A

SONG.

WHEN firſt I ſaw my Jenny's face,
What tranſports fill'd my heart;
Gay Cupid ſmil'd in every grace,
In every beauteous part.

Conceal'd beneath her ſparkling eye,
His aim the archer took;
Then drew the ſtring—the dart let fly—
And ſhot me with a look.

Thus beauty ſtrikes each youthful ſwain,
And kindles ſoft deſire;
But mental charms the heart muſt gain,
That burns with endleſs fire.

'Tis true, I firſt her form admir'd,
Her ſprightly mien and air;
Now with her mind my boſom's fir'd,
And I eſteem the fair.

No time my paſſion can deſtroy,
No more my thoughts can rove;
Such charms as hers can never cloy,
And I ſhall ever love.

On the AUTHOR'S *ſuppoſing himſelf diſappointed, at which time he was an Officer of the Army.*

THE day is o'er, the drum hath beat,
The ſoldiers haſten home;
All, all, obey the loud retreat,
Nor longer wiſh to roam.

How happy is the vulgar breaſt,
That knows not to refine?
Their labours o'er, they ſink to reſt,
Nor feel a pang like mine.

But I, unmindful of the ſound,
Purſue my lonely walk;
No hateful noiſe is heard around,
No buſy irkſome talk.

Left to myſelf, I yield to woe,
And heave the ready ſigh;
Nor longer ſtop the tear to flow,
That fills my ſwelling eye.

My faithful dog attends my way,
With heavy mournful pace;
No more he friſks in ſportive play,
Or runs the rapid race.

As conſcious of his maſter's fate,
His wonted ſpirits fail;
With ſympathiſing grief replete,
That cannot me avail.

Ah ! why did love e'er pierce my breaſt,
And with vain hopes deceive ;
That I ſhould be ſupremely bleſt—
What will not love believe ?

Where now are all thoſe bliſsful ſcenes,
I'd painted with my fair ?
All fled away ; and nought remains,
But ſorrow and deſpair !

What language can expreſs the pain
That preys upon my heart ?
To love, yet not be lov'd again,
Is fate's ſevereſt dart.

Thy heavenly beauties ſtill appear,
To my enamour'd mind—
That modeſt, ſweet, bewitching air,
That lifts thee 'bove thy kind.

Thoſe charms no more my eyes muſt ſee,
No more behold thy face ;
Thee to forget, my taſk muſt be,
Thou lovelieſt of thy race.

Thy precious hair, my former friend,
Muſt quit its wonted place ;
At tedious night no more attend,
To lull my cares to peace.

Alas ! thou'rt eaſy to remove,
Tho' from my boſom rent ;
But ah ! how hard to ceaſe to love—
To give my anguiſh vent.

Oh! ſhall another taſte thoſe charms,
I've lov'd ſo long in vain;
Enfold thee in his circling arms,
And every wiſh obtain.

Diſtracting thought—yet let me riſe,
Superior to the train;
Who ſelfiſh bliſs alone can prize,
Nor feels another's pain.

Whene'er you're to the altar led,
By him you chooſe for life;
May Heaven ſtill bleſs thy nuptial bed,
And make thee happy wife.

May thy bleſt ſpouſe each day love more,
And ſtill thy beauties own;
May he, like me, thy mind adore,
And love as I have done!

But now to love I bid adieu,
No more its fetters bind;
Ambition's paths I'll now purſue,
And tear you from my mind.

To noble actions I'll aſpire,
And honor's footſteps tread;
A ſoldier's fame my breaſt ſhall fire,
By glory I'll be led.

Immortal Wolfe, on thee I'll think,
And draw, a ſword unknown:
Thou in my thoughts, I cannot ſhrink,
Nor fierceſt battle ſhun.

Soon let me paſs the foaming wave,
And meet my country's foe :
What tho' I find a bloody grave—
Sure then, I'm freed from woe.

Let it be ſaid, when I am gone,
This ſoul diſdain'd to flee :
And on my monumental ſtone,
Let this inſcription be.

Beneath, an hapleſs ſoldier's laid,
Who fondly lov'd in vain :
This awful debt, he gladly paid,
That free'd from ev'ry pain.

MODERN MATRIMONY.

TO Love, all hail!—In theſe degen'rate days,
A youthful Bard to thee inſcribes his lays:
Thy ſacred fire, his glowing boſom bears;
Thy ſilken chains, with extaſy he wears:
Yields ev'ry paſſion to thy ſov'reign ſway;
And ev'ry rite, with tranſport, doth obey.
From earlieſt youth, my breaſt confeſs'd the God,
And eas'd the ſmarting of the maſter's rod.
Each boyiſh year increas'd the gen'rous flame:
More ripe it grew, as nearer manhood came:
Now to its height, the noble paſſion's grown—
Rich is the crop, from ſeed ſo early ſown.
One ruling paſſion's found, throughout mankind.
Still may this be the paſſion of my mind!
Old age, 'tis true, muſt ſlack the blazing fire—
But only death, can make that blaze expire.
Love's fondeſt vot'ry ever will I prove;
And with my life alone, ſhall ceaſe to love.
Oh! what I feel to ſee thy rites betray'd:
Thy joys all barter'd for a mammon trade,
That gives to age, the blooming virgin's charms—
The prime of youth, to antient maidens arms.
O what I feel! to ſee chaſte Hymen join'd,
'Gainſt Cupid's laws, and with his foes combin'd.
Hymen, that once, with him, went hand in hand:
With choiceſt bleſſings crown'd this happy land.
The lover, with the loving fair one bleſt:
And joy extatic ſent through ev'ry breaſt.
O injur'd Love, ariſe! Thy vengeance take.
Bent be thy bow, and let thy arrows ſhake.
Let ev'ry heart that ſtifles nature's voice:
That takes not thee to guide him in his choice:

Be deeply pierc'd with unavailing flame;
And only know thy ſpotleſs joys by fame.
Let him behold the animated face:
Let him be witneſs of the fond embrace.
Let him but gueſs, at what he ne'er can prove;
And image only half, the joys of love.
Then, in reflection, may he ſtill be toſt;
And know that heav'n, his ſordid ſoul hath loſt.
Thus Lucifer beheld, in Eden's grove,
With eye aſkance, the firſt ſweet ſcene of love.
When there he view'd, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
The happy pair, in bliſsful tranſport laid:
More keen, he felt—more griev'd, his fall he mourn'd,—
And fiercer torments in his boſom burn'd.
In earlier times, our gen'rous youth diſdain'd,
To be, by honours, or by wealth reſtrained.
By Nature led—by Nature's laws inſpir'd—
Where ſenſe—where beauty, join'd—they ſtill admir'd.
Where e'er an Emma bloom'd—an Henry came—
And nut-brown maids were no uncommon theme.
Alas, how chang'd! Behold, yon tott'ring dame—
Behold that youth—to nature dead—to ſhame.
E'en now he talks of pangs—of darts—of ſighs—
Extolls her blooming cheeks—her ſparkling eyes—
Of cruelty, and cold delay complains—
Then begs ſhe'd pity, and relieve his pains.
The prieſt now joins them, by the nuptial tie,
And proſtitution hallows from on high.
Devoutly prays, that fruitful ſhe may be—
That miracles once more mankind may ſee.
O happy youth! inſtruct my willing muſe,
To paint thoſe tranſports, I muſt ſtill refuſe.
O happy youth! inſtruct me to diſplay,
Thoſe joys ſupreme, that crown'd thy bridal day.

Inſtruct me to diſplay that bliſsful night,
Which gave to thee ſuch exquiſite delight.
When in your arms you claſp'd the willing fair—
Her beauteous head adorn'd with hoary hair—
Her dim, dim eyes, with ſcalding humours red;
Rolling on thee, and languiſhingly dead.
Her charming lips, of crimſon once poſſeſſed,
Now pale, and toothleſs, to thy lips are preſs'd.
Her boſom too—but here deſcription fails—
All other charms her nightly robe conceals.
To thee alone, O happy youth! confeſs'd—
By thee alone, O happy youth! poſſeſs'd.
Thus nature's laws the wealthy dame confounds—
What change too great, for twenty thouſand pounds?
Av'rice that once was age's vice alone;
Doth now predominate o'er twenty one.
But lo! gay Florio with his ſpouſe appears—
In fortune equal—equal in their years.
Their prudent Fathers ſaw the match was fit—
What could their pious children do?—ſubmit.
Unknowing and unknown, the parties came.
But what of that?—ſure princes do the ſame.
They might be happy—bliſs might yet be won—
The odds were not, a million quite—to one.
But oh! ill luck awaits the fated pair—
And Doctor's commons ends the wedding year.
Connubial bliſs! of few the happy fate—
In vain Bellario, all thy wealth and ſtate.
What demon whiſper'd, at thy years to wed—
To take a blooming virgin to thy bed.
Thought'ſt thou, that gold or jewels could atone,
For ſixty's cold embrace, to twenty one.
Or ſtranger ſtill, couldſt thou but once ſuppoſe
Such charms to guard, againſt an hoſt of foes?
Had Argus been unto the taſk aſſign'd,
The willing fair his hundred eyes could blind.

Her fav'rite youth had taſted ev'ry charm
And paſs'd unheeded by his guardian arm.
Thus, oft, the paſtry cook employs his art,
To ſave ſome fav'rite paſte or precious tart.
Each buzzing fly, his wand oft drives away,
And long he keeps the flutt'ring tribe in play:
But all in vain—one ſkips unheeded by,
And ev'ry ſweet repays the daring fly.
Say, ſhall I now adventurouſly ſing,
Thoſe lordly cuckolds, that adorn the ring?
Or ſhall I, at the city point my verſe,
And Cheapſide's monſters to the world rehearſe?
Shall the Pantheon's ſcenes be now reveal'd?
Or what the fam'd Cornely's walls conceal'd?
A taſk more arduous, doth my pen employ—
The foes of Hymen, would my pen deſtroy.
Once more place wedlock, on the height of fame:
The joys of love—and nuptial joys, the ſame.
'Tis faſhion now, to loath the name of wife—
As if, its ſure attendant muſt be ſtrife.
Each fopling youth, can quote an hundred pair,
In jarring diſcord doom'd their chains to wear.
From the abuſe, they draw their certain rules;
And would be witty, tho' they muſt be fools.
If caught by wealth, the nymph reſign her charms,
To ſome old doating blockhead's wither'd arms.
If the rich ancient dame, the youth perſuade,
To break from nature, and his ſoul degrade.
If children will reſign their right of choice,
And yield to parents, not, to nature's voice.
If jarring hearts, to forms do thus comply—
They call it marriage—proſtitution, I.
Can the rob'd prieſt, by holy words inſpire,
Love's tender wiſhes, and its chaſte deſire?
Can the rob'd prieſt unite the ſoul to ſoul,
By joining hands oppoſing minds controul?

Not even prieſtcraft in its higheſt days,
Had impudence to claim, ſuch powers as theſe.
Crimes they abſolv'd—but Hymen's bliſs, alone
To love was giv'n—by love, could e'er be won.
O come, celeſtial love! My ſong inſpire!
And with thy heav'nly flame my boſom fire!
Without thy aid, my lute is ſtrung in vain,
To ſing of beauty, or of Hymen's reign.
Without thy aid my lines muſt coldly flow,
In one dull tenor, unapprov'd, and low.
But warm'd by thee, ſucceſs will crown my ſong;
Nor line, nor ſubject, ſhall appear too long.
Harmonious numbers, and ſoft tuneful ſtrains,
Shall grace deſcription, and inſpire our ſwains.
Poetic periods ſhall their ſouls ſubdue—
And love's ſoft paſſion, in their breaſts renew.
Thus Orpheus once by muſic could reclaim
The wildeſt natures, and their fury tame.
E'en trees and rocks were ſeen to move along;
And things inanimate drew life from ſong.
Draw near, ye youths—attend, ye maidens fair—
With rapture view, and imitate the pair.
Let life's firſt bleſſing be no more unknown,
Catch their ſoft tranſports, make their bliſs your own.
Prometheus thus from Heav'n procur'd his fire;
And thus, the gen'rous flame did clay inſpire.
Strephon beheld fair Arabella's mien;
No nymph more lovely e'er adorn'd the plain!
By him firſt ſeen, though long by all admir'd:
He gaz'd, and as he gaz'd, ſtill more deſir'd.
'Twas not mere beauty his attention caught;
Though ſure her beauty was without a fault.
A heav'nly ſweetneſs ſtill adorn'd her face,
And every feature own'd ſome nameleſs grace.
An angel mind her angel form declar'd,
In ev'ry look, her gentle ſoul appear'd.

Not Waller's fair, though painted in ſuch lays,
Deſerv'd more homage, or ſuperior praiſe.
Strephon with awe, the lovely nymph addreſs'd,
In tend'reſt language, all his ſoul expreſs'd.
She liſt'ned to his tale, nor yet declar'd,
Or what he wiſh'd to hear, or what he fear'd.
To other ſubjects, ſhe the converſe turn'd;
And as the ſubject mov'd rejoic'd or mourn'd.
Each word—each thought—beſpoke a poliſh'd mind;
By richeſt ſenſe, and ſentiment refin'd.
In her, Minerva had with Venus ſtrove,
Nor wiſdom yielded to the queen of love.
But Strephon did not plead his cauſe in vain:
She ſaw his paſſion, and approv'd the ſwain.
His gentle manners, won the tender maid,
And all his fondneſs, ſhe with fondneſs paid.
She gave, whate'er ſtrict innocence allow'd,
And love, eternal love! to Strephon vow'd.
Enraptur'd Strephon claſp'd her in his arms;
With thrilling tumult, view'd her heav'nly charms.
Of words depriv'd, his looks alone could ſay,
What pow'rful magic ſtole his words away.
Thus late, O Littleton! with Lucy bleſs'd,
Such tender tranſports were by thee confeſs'd.
Now, forms to paſs, they, at the Altar ſtand,
And as the prieſt directs, ſhe gives her hand.
Her hand alone—her heart was hers no more—
For Strephon had obtain'd it long before.
Thus far my muſe hath dar'd to try her wing—
My muſe, tho' daring—dares not further ſing.
Such bliſs as theirs, what language can convey!
Such bliſs in vain, e'en poets would diſplay.
The painter thus, each weaker paſſion drew—
But well, the weakneſs of his art he knew.
O'er Agamemnon's face, a veil was thrown—
By fancy only great emotion's known.

Let us in contraſt now ſuch matches place—
Let us their various lines with candour trace.
If wealth alone can happineſs beſtow;
Wealth is the object to purſue below.
But if example can be found to prove,
The poverty of wealth, compar'd to love:
From ſelfiſh motives, love ſhould fill the mind—
For happineſs is ſought by all mankind.
Behold Lucinda—in apparel gay,
In all the pomp of dreſs ſhe rolls away.
Six Flanders mares foretell the fair's approach—
As many Lacquies grace her gilded coach.
Among the firſt, ſhe claims exalted place;
For few, in rank, ſuperior to her grace.
Now round the rooms, ſhe makes her vain parade—
Now views herſelf, and now, her rich brocade.
Of faſhions now—and now of ſcandal talks—
Now totters—ſmiles—and leers—and now ſhe walks.
Surrounding females envy, as ſhe goes,
Her coſtly habits, and attendant beaus.
Weak Arabella could all theſe deſpiſe—
Yet ſome romantic fools account her wiſe.
Poor ſilly wretch a lowly roof to chooſe,
And wealth and honors, with a peer refuſe.
Before a lord, prefer an humble youth,
Whoſe richeſt ſtore was juſtice, love, and truth.
Who, ſpite of faſhion, ſought her love alone,
And in her bliſs, ſtill center'd, all his own.
What's this, Lucinda, to your happy fate—
Who eat—drink—ſleep—do every thing in ſtate.
Who ſtill in ſearch of ſome new pleaſure roam,
Nor ever paſs one murder'd day at home.
There, ev'ry thing diſguſts—the owner, moſt—
He too, for her, has all affection loſt.
Her perſon, which alone he had admir'd,
Familiar now, no longer is deſir'd.

No oft endearments keep alive the flame,
But each, the other loads, with endleſs blame:
From home, they fly; to company, repair;
And, if they can, forget they're married, there.
O Arabella! to thy roof I haſte;
Where dwell according ſouls, and trueſt taſte.
Where ſenſe, where ſentiment, unite to pleaſe;
And tender wiſhes in each breaſt to raiſe.
When buſineſs calls, and Strephon muſt obey,
His ſure return, attends the cloſe of day.
If ſome miſhap his clouded brow foretells,
Her bright'ning aſpect, ev'ry cloud diſpells:
Before affection's beams, flies ev'ry woe,
And fondeſt wiſhes in his boſom glow.
Thus have I oft, a miſty dawn ſurvey'd;
But ſoon, the riſing ſun diſpers'd the ſhade.
Its bright effulgence, ſwept the miſt away;
And to mankind reſtor'd the ſplendid day.
In converſe now, each ſecret thought's declar'd—
With her his ſecret thoughts are ever ſhar'd.
'Twas not deſire alone, their union made;
For friendſhip ſtrength'ned what deſire had bred.
In her the miſtreſs, and the friend, he found—
Both ſenſe and beauty his affection bound.
Of converſe tir'd, ſome fav'rite author's read:
Thomſon's delightful paths, oft'times they tread.
His painted tranſports, in themſelves they find,
And conſcious glances, quick reveal the mind.
Each fond emotion reigns without controul—
Each ſpeaking look, declares th' inraptur'd ſoul.
Life's choiceſt bliſs, their happy breaſts receive—
Such bliſs, a mutual flame, can only give.
Lucinda, ſay—Did e'er thy pomp beſtow
One ſcene like this, to pay for all thy woe?
Can outward trappings lull thy cares to reſt?
Can grandeur heal the torments of thy breaſt?

Too late, unhappy wretch, in vain you prove,
The poverty of wealth, compar'd to love.
Think not I mean that wealth muſt love deſtroy:
That honours ſuit not with a lover's joy.
In thee, O CHARLEMONT, I gladly ſee,
That love, with wealth and honours doth agree.
Ye youths of faſhion to my ſtrain attend,
No longer at the ſhrine of Plutus bend.
That adoration, unto Hymen due,
To Venus, and her ſon, let's now renew.
To make life's bitter cup go better down,
Love's raptures, in the draught, by Heav'n were thrown.
Let us Heav'n's bounty diſavow no more,
But by our love, great nature's god adore.
Yet prudence ſometimes muſt the bands forbear—
Nor do I think, that love can live on air.
A competence ſhould ſtill, on marriage wait—
Elſe, ſad and wretched, is the marriage ſtate.
The more their fondneſs, ſtill the greater woe,
And ev'ry want, muſt more diſtracting grow.
Yet learn—But little doth true love require.
No gaudy ſplendor, do their ſouls deſire.
No midnight revels—no expenſive ſcenes—
Far other tranſports, in each boſom reigns.
To empty minds, the noiſy crowd may pleaſe—
Unhappy pairs, may thither fly, for eaſe—
Such trifles can no more, a wiſh employ;
Domeſtic happineſs is all their joy;
Each other's bliſs, their ſtudy, and their care—
Vain equipage and ſhow, they well can ſpare.
Come then, my Jane, and let's no more delay:
Life is too ſhort, to loſe one precious day.
What tho' our fortune yield no gaudy ſtate,
Life's real comforts ſmile upon our fate;

No care ſhall enter underneath our cot,
But rural bliſs ſhall be our happy lot;
Sweet innocence ſhall ſhed its pure delight,
And delicacy ſtill, freſh love invite.
Oft ſhall our friends our humble dwelling grace,
For friendſhip ever with true love keeps pace;
Convivial mirth ſhall on their ſteps attend—
Convivial mirth, ſuch viſits muſt befriend:
No treach'ry lurks beneath the rural ſmile,
In courts or cities, men may men beguile:
Here, undiſſembl'd nature leads the way,
Ne'er are we gaily ſad, nor ſadly gay.
When mid-day ſuns, with ſcorching heat o'erpow'r,
We'll ſeek ſome lonely ſhade, or fragrant bow'r;
There liſten to each tuneful ſongſter's note,
And catch ſoft ſounds from ev'ry warbler's throat:
Our languid limbs repoſe, beneath ſome ſhade,
That nature's bounty hath for lovers made;
Then, in this ſweet ſequeſter'd ſcene we'll prove,
Thoſe matchleſs joys that wait on mutual love.
When wintry ſkies forbid our rural walk,
The gliding hours ſhall paſs in pleaſing talk.
Sometimes my Jane ſhall touch the trembling ſtring,
And tender ſonnets with her muſic ſing:
Sometimes with books we'll cheat the gloomy day,
And thus improvement to our minds convey;
Whilſt ev'ry paſſing hour ſhall fondly prove,
Thoſe matchleſs joys that wait on mutual love.
If ever grief, or ſickneſs, ſhould appear,
My Jane ſhall then experience all my care;
Thy pleaſure ſtill, ſhall be, my greateſt joy—
The bliſs of pleaſing, ſure, can never cloy:
Each day—each year—freſh happineſs ſhall give:
Affection ever, in each breaſt ſhall live:
Through every ſcene of life, we'll fondly prove,
Thoſe matchleſs joys, that wait on mutual love.

THE

IRISH CHIEF;

OR

PATRIOT KING,

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

CEALLA — King of Munſter. *
Duncan — his chief favourite.
Sitrick — King of the Danes, ſettled at Dublin.
Pharon — his favourite and chief general.
Cleones — friend to Pharon.

WOMEN.

Meliſſa — Sitrick's queen.
Stira — Siſter to Sitrick.

Officers, Guards, Phyſician, Attendants, &c.

Scene, Dublin, and the country adjacent.

Time, twenty-four hours.

* Ceallachan is the real name, but contracted, to make it eaſier to the pronunciation. The Plot chiefly taken from Iriſh Hiſtory.

THE

IRISH CHIEF.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Palace of Dublin.*

MELISSA. STIRA.

STIRA.

AT laſt, Meliſſa, is the morn arriv'd,
When anxious doubts and fears, ſhall be no more.
The great Cealla comes—tranſporting thought—
The hero comes, to be, for ever mine.

MELISSA.

Hail to the morn, that makes my Stira bleſt!
Yet ſtill, 'tis ſtrange, that Sitrick ſhould unite,
To Denmark's royal line, its greateſt foe.
What will each ſubject ſay, when they behold,
Him, who hath ſpilt their deareſt kindred's blood,
Thus honour'd by their chief—and thus eſpous'd.

STIRA.

The Danes, to virtue, are not yet ſo loſt,
But they will give that praiſe, his actions claim:
Nor can they blame the conduct that deſtroy'd.
No wanton quarrel urg'd him to the war—
To ſave his country from the Daniſh yoke,
He drew his ſword—and by his conq'ring arm,
At once ſecur'd, its freedom, and his crown.

Sitrick ſhould rather have his people's thanks,
For making thus, a deadly foe, their friend;
Who ſtill hath brought diſhonour on their arms,
And ſent them vanquiſh'd, from the field of death.

MELISSA.

E'en ſhould the Danes, theſe look'd for rites approve,
Hath e'er this hero giv'n, one proof of love?
Seldom do princes from affection wed—
To politics they oft muſt yield their choice.
Perhaps his people, tir'd of blood and war,
Requeſt him to accept thy offer'd hand,
And thus reſtore them to the ſweets of peace.
What then can Stira hope, but cold reſpect?—
Will cold reſpect, repay a flame like thine?

STIRA.

Why ſhould I doubt? Do I not know, he loves?
His eyes, thoſe true revealers of the ſoul,
Have oft'times told me, what his tongue withheld;
Each little act was with attention dreſs'd,
And ev'ry look his tenderneſs proclaim'd.

MELISSA.

If theſe be all thy proofs, I too might think,
Cealla lov'd. Thou know'ſt we both were made
The captives of his arms. To both, his acts
Were ſoothing, tender, generous and kind.
Why then, ſhould'ſt thou alone impute to love,
What might as well from pity flow.

STIRA.

Ceaſe—ceaſe—
Nor raiſe up thoughts, that muſt my peace deſtroy.
To love like mine, indifference is hate.
Did I but think, thoſe ſweet attentions paid,
From pity flow'd, and from no ſofter cauſe—
Did I but once ſuppoſe, theſe nuptial rites,
The people's wiſh, but not their monarch's choice—

This hand ſhould ſooner end my wretched life,
Than at the altar join Cealla's.—

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

—Madam,
A chief from Munſter's king, attends your pleaſure.

STIRA.

Go bid him enter—

Exit Attendant.

Why comes he not himſelf?
He loves me not—too true, Meliſſa's fears.
But lo! the valiant Duncan hither ſpeeds,
The firſt in favour, at Cealla's court.

Enter DUNCAN.

Moſt welcome, ſir.

MELISSA.

Moſt welcome, to theſe walls.
How fares Cealla? Doth he his purpoſe hold?
Hath ought prevented his intended ſpeed?

DUNCAN.

Moſt gracious queen, his purpoſe is unchang'd—
One hour from hence, my king impatient waits
For my return. But firſt moſt noble princeſs,
(to Stira)
Vochſafe to hear Cealla's thoughts; which I,
Can ſpeak, alone to thee—

MELISSA.

I'll take my leave.
But tell thy prince, Meliſſa ſtill remembers,
His noble treatment of a captive queen.

Exit.

DUNCAN. STIRA.

DUNCAN.

Madam, my royal maſter, thus commanded—
Go tell the miſtreſs of thy monarch's heart,
That ſhe alone, can happineſs beſtow.
Yet ſay, no ſelfiſh wiſh ſhall blind thy prince.
If in her breaſt a dearer object lives,
Or ſhould a brother's will her hand direct,
Where inclination doth not prompt its courſe—
Then tell her, I reſign theſe promis'd rites,
And, ſingly wretched, to my throne, return.

STIRA.

Though ſanctioned by the world, 'twould be a crime,
To uſe reſerve, to ſuch a godlike man.
Then ſay, at once, that all my heart is his.

DUNCAN.

Delightful ſounds! thus, to my future queen,
I kneel, and pay, a joyful homage. And now,
To my lov'd lord, I'll bear theſe happy tidings.

Exit.

STIRA, *Sola.*

Each doubting thought begone — Cealla loves—
With ardour loves — And I am bleſt indeed.

Exit.

Scene changes to a different part of Dublin.

Enter PHARON *and* CLEONES.

PHARON.

O my Cleones, I knew not till this hour,
The wondrous height my paſſion hath attain'd.
The lovely Stira mingles with each wiſh,
Beats in each pulſe, and throbs through ev'ry vein.
And ſhall this day beſtow her, on another?—
Firſt ſhall this hand implant a dagger here,
Or ſheath it in the breaſt of Munſter's king.

CLEONES.

What madneſs doth poſſeſs, thy hated mind?
This Stira never can be thine.—Suppoſe,
Cealla had refus'd theſe nuptial rites,
What hope for thee remain'd—Sitrick, thou know'ſt,
Beholds ev'n kings with ſcorn—ſo high he rates,
The ancient honours of his royal line.

PHARON.

Where is the mighty merit to deſcend,
From kings, who trace their boaſted anceſtry,
Ev'n from the fabl'd deities of Heav'n?
Flows there a richer current thro' the veins?
Pants in the breaſt, a more exalted worth?
Doth clay ennobled purify the ſoul?
Or give a virtue, humbler birth denies?—

CLEONES.

No, Pharon, no—but then, the world, is judge—
And tho' we cenſure; its decree remains.
Yet ſay! Had fortune been a kinder dame,
How would the charming fair one be diſpos'd?
Doth ſhe behold you with a partial eye,
And bluſh compliance, on thy wiſhes?

PHARON.

Alas!
No tender glance, hath e'er allay'd my pain—
No ſweet confuſion, bluſh'd a kind conſent—
Yet do I love her, to that pitch of frenzy,
She muſt—ſhe ſhall be mine.—

CLEONES.

She muſt be yours—
O impotence of paſſion!—Doth not this hour—
This very hour, beſtow her on another,
And blaſt thy fooliſh hopes for ever?

PHARON.

This hour,
If fortune favours, gives her to my arms.

For know my friend, e'en now, the ready bark,
Unfurls her canvaſs, to the coming winds;
Spreads ev'ry ſail, to catch the precious breeze;
And waft us from Ierne's ſhore.

CLEONES.

What then,
Can Pharon ſtoop, thus meanly to poſſeſs,
The injur'd form, of weeping innocence?
Think'ſt thou, love's holy raptures can be thine,
When, not the ſoft murmurs of the yielding maid,
Nor yet the ſweet reſiſtance beauty gives,
But tears and harſh complaints, aſſail thine ear;
Pierce through thine heart, and load thee with remorſe.
Then, Pharon, wilt thou curſe this hateful day,
And damn that hour, which gave thee being.

PHARON.

O ſtop!
Recall not feelings that were lull'd to reſt;
But lend thy aid to bear the fair one hence.
Let Pharon claſp this charmer to his breaſt,
And revel in ecſtatic ſcenes of bliſs.

CLEONES.

Such are indeed the ſcenes of mutual love
When the fond female in each look declares,
The riſing tumults of a ſoft deſire:
When fearful of ſenſations yet unknown,
The bluſhing maid with down-caſt eye conſents,
And trembling fills a lover s arms—then, then,
Indeed, to claſp her to the panting breaſt—
To ſooth with all the eloquence of love,
And chace thoſe idle fears away—is bliſs—
Is ecſtacy divine.—But you, my lord—
Oh! what have you to hope—you—

PHARON.

Cleones ceaſe—
At once declare, there's danger in the taſk,

That friendſhip hath requir'd; nor meanly ſeek,
To hide thy fears, beneath the veil of honour.

CLEONES.

You are unkind, my lord—I might ſay more—
Where obligations bind the heart, the obliger,
Should be more delicate

PHARON.

And the oblig'd,
More grateful, ſir.—

CLEONES.

More grateful, cannot be—
Had you but bade me ruſh on certain death,
You ſhould have ſeen, how little life was priz'd.
My honor is, I own, a dearer ſtake—
Nor can ev'n gratitude, oblige Cleones,
To part with virtue.

PHARON.

This wond'rous virtue too,
No doubt will make thee haſte to Sitrick's preſence,
And all my ſcheme betray.

CLEONES.

Fear not, my lord:
You ſpoke in friendſhip, as a friend I heard,
So ſacred is ſuch converſe held by me,
That racks and tortures ſhould extort in vain.
The poſt which, by your favor, was obtain'd,
I ſhall reſign—and now my lord, farewell—
You'll eaſy find, a more obſequious friend—
A truer is, perhaps, beyond your reach.

Exeunt ſeverally.

Scene changes to the Palace.

SITRICK—MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Worthleſs would be the part'ner of thy bed,
If ſhe concealed aught affecting thee.

The people murmur, and, with loud outcry,
Declare their hatred of theſe purpos'd rites.
Shall he, they ſay, whoſe ſword ſo oft hath reek'd
With father's, brother's, and with kinſmens gore,
Now light the nuptial torch, amidſt our grief!
Much more than this, they publicly declare—
Should Sitrick ſtill perſiſt, Oh! who can tell!
Where ſuch repinings end?

SITRICK.

Thanks to thy love—
But Sitrick fears no danger from ſuch threats.
E'er yet to-morrow bids the world adieu,
Their praiſe, not cenſure, ſhall my zeal reward.

MELISSA.

Truſt not, my lord, to ſuch uncertain hopes,
Nor think to lead the mean, ignoble crowd,
By reaſon's force. In vain doth wiſdom try,
To calm their paſſions, and their wrath reſtrain.
When thoughtleſs fury ſpurs, away they run,
And ev'ry ſtep leaves judgment more behind.

SITRICK.

Fear not the prudent conduct of thy lord
Well ſkill'd I hold the reins of ſov'reign pow'r—
Know when to treat men, with an eaſy hand,
And how to curb them, in their mad career.

MELISSA.

But grant, thy people ſhould their rage reſign;
Can Sitrick ſtoop, to join his royal houſe,
To Munſter's petty king? Where now that pride
Which once inſpir'd the boſom of my lord?
Haſt thou forgiv'n that hand ſo oft uprear'd,
To pluck the laurel from thy brow—to blaſt
Thy glory, and o'erturn each conqueſt paſt,
By preſent ſhame, and deep diſgrace.—

SITRICK.

Forgiv'n!
But little doſt thou know the ſoul of Sitrick.

Vengeance alone, for wrongs like mine, atone.

MELISSA.

And as a proof of which, you ſeek to give,
A ſiſter to his arms!

SITRICK.

Well may'ſt thou ſcorn,
The ſeeming baſeneſs—yet know, Meliſſa,
Such muſt the glorious ſequel be; that you—
Ev'n you, ſhall give applauſe.

MELISSA.

What? ſhall I praiſe,
The tim'rous dictates of a poor diſmay.
Prudence, perhaps, may juſtify the deed—
Perhaps the charms of Stira may perſuade,
This conq'ring monarch, to withhold his arms,
And ſpare the timid Dane.

SITRICK.

Nay, taunt not thus
The Danes no more ſhall feel his pow'r—e'en now,
Doth Munſter totter, on the verge of ruin;
And all her laurels fade, to bloom no more.

MELISSA.

Ha! what ſay'ſt thou? explain theſe doubtful words?

SITRICK.

Th' event, my hidden meaning ſhall unfold.

MELISSA.

Nay but, my Sitrick, let me know thy purpoſe—
Indulge thy queen—It is the right of love,
And I demand it.

SITRICK.

In things of leſſer moment,
Thou ſhould'ſt not aſk in vain. Farewell.

Exit.

Manet MELISSA.

Nay then,
I'll watch you—ſome deep-laid ſtratagem I fear,

Full of deſtruction, to the Iriſh chief.
Oh! what a ſtate is mine! honor forbids—
Reaſon points out, it ne'er can be—and yet,
I love Cealla! 'Tis death to ſee him wed
Another—but rather let him gain, the hand
Of Stira, than aught ſhould touch his life—his life!
Oh that were wretchedneſs indeed! I'll haſte,
And dive into the purpoſe of the Dane.

Exit.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Palace of Dublin.*

SITRICK, PHARON.

SITRICK.

DRAW near, my faithful Pharon—ſtill haſt thou been
The partner of my counſels and my arms;
And ever have I found thee as I hop'd,
True to thy truſt, and loyal to thy prince.

(Meliſſa is here at the ſide ſcene undiſcovered, and liſtening.)

Then know, that e'er this ſun revolves its courſe,
The man, whom Sitrick calls his deadlieſt foe,
Shall be no more—the great Cealla dies.

PHARON.

Forgive, my Lord, th' amazement that I feel
At ſuch a ſtrange reverſe; and let me aſk,
What mean theſe gaudy preparations here,
That indicate the joyful bridal feaſt?
What meant the embaſſy to Munſter's court,
With proffer'd peace, and beauteous Stira's hand?

SITRICK.

Why all was meant to make deſtruction ſure:
The wily ſerpent, e'er he ſtings, diſplays
A thouſand beauties to delight the eye,
And tempt th' unwary traveller's approach;

Then quickly darts upon his certain prey.
Thus Munſter's King beholds my ſiſter's charms,
Nor dreams that he advances to his fate.

PHARON.

But how accompliſh this, thy purpos'd ſcheme?
The world proclaims the wiſdom of thy foe.
He, ſure, requires ſome hoſtage of thy faith,
Nor truſts his perſon, without ample proof
Of ſafety to himſelf, and to his train.

SITRICK.

Thou know'ſt him not, nor doth the ſilly world:
He is an open, unſuſpecting fool.
Duncan, e'en now, announc'd the chief at hand,
Nor once demanded aught to bind the treaty,
Or ſecure the king. But haſte, my Pharon, haſte,
Lead forth a choſen band, and quickly gain
The rere of Munſter's train. Should aught inſpire
Cealla with diſtruſt, or in his mind
Suſpicion raiſe, this will prevent retreat.

Exeunt.

MELISSA *comes forward.*

The fatal ſecret is diſclos'd—but how
Preſerve Cealla— *(Pauſes)*
—one way alone is left;
And though my fame, my life, ſhould pay the forfeit—
I will try it.

Exit.

Scene changes to a woody country near Dublin.

Enter two IRISH OFFICERS.

1ſt OFFICER.

'Tis ſtrange, indeed! Duncan to Dublin gone;
The king in thought wrapp'd up—all is not right.

2d OFFICER.

May Heaven avert whate'er diſturbs his peace:
Sure he, whoſe ample ſoul delights in all
That tends to aid the meaneſt of mankind,
Can ne'er deſerve a pang.

1ſt OFFICER.

None are exempt
From life's miſhaps. But where's Cealla?
Haſt lately ſeen him?

2d OFFICER.

Yes. Ere now we met
He enter'd yonder wood, whoſe leafy umbrage
Is well ſuited to the thoughtful mind. Behold,
He moves this way, with folded arms; with ſlow
And penſive pace; in contemplation loſt.

1ſt OFFICER.

Let us retire, nor rudely interrupt
His ſolitary courſe. This way let's go.

Exeunt.

CEALLA *comes forward.*

I think ſhe loves; but ſtill a doubt remains.
I long, yet dread, to ſee my faithful Duncan.
But lo! he comes—and in his eye I read,
My happy fortune.

DUNCAN *enters.*

Welcome, my friend, and ſpeak
What looks expreſſive have already told.

DUNCAN.

Let joy unbounded reign throughout thy breaſt;
For know, my royal Lord, the lovely Stira,
With modeſt boldneſs, owns a mutual flame;
And bade me ſay, her heart was all thy own.

CEALLA.

This, this is blifs ſupreme; thus to poſſeſs

The pow'r of making Stira bleſt; then teach me
To reward the bearer of ſuch tidings.

DUNCAN.

I'm amply paid, when I behold thy joy:
Wretched the man, whoſe hard, unfeeling heart,
Receives not pleaſure from another's bliſs:
But when my honor'd prince is happy made,
It then is exſtacy.

CEALLA.

In generous ſouls,
Like thine, I know it is. Theſe happy rites
Shall ſheath the deadly ſteel; our glittering arms,
No longer for deſtruction us'd, ſhall range,
In pleaſing order, o'er our peaceful walls;
And give their ſplendor to the ſocial feaſt.
Let other monarchs mad ambition boaſt,
Whilſt I purſue love's happier ſcenes,
Nor idly wander in purſuit of fame.

DUNCAN.

O flatter not thyſelf, my royal lord,
Neceſſity will oft oblige thee to reſume
Thy arms neglected, and the martial field;
For tranquil ſcenes belong not to a throne.

CEALLA.

Think not thy monarch's ſword ſhall e'er be ſheath'd,
When lawleſs inſult calls its vengeance forth.
But ſtill the moment of returning peace
Shall be embrac'd. Still ſhall my tend'reſt care
Be then employ'd to heal deſtruction's wounds.
Each peaceful art ſhall then renew its toil,
And induſtry reflouriſh o'er the land.

DUNCAN.

Munſter, what happy days for thee's in ſtore,
Whoſe monarch thus, in all his ſchemes, purſues,
His country's welfare, and his people's good!

CEALLA.

O rather ſpeak the happineſs of him,
To whom th' indulgent hand of God has giv'n,
A pow'r to gain ſuch glorious ends as theſe.
Is there a tranſport that this world can boaſt,
Equal to that which in the boſom glows,
When, from the low'ring brow of wretchedneſs,
You pluck its ſorrows; planting, in their room,
The chearful, glad'ning look, content inſpires.
This, this, ſtamps real value on a crown;
This, this, repays the troubles of a throne.

DUNCAN.

E'en nature form'd thee for a king, and gave
A ſoul exalted as the rank you bear.

CEALLA.

You view me, Duncan, with a partial eye.
But come, my friend, the lovely Stira calls,
And all a lover's wiſhes urge me hence.

(*As they are going out,* MELISSA *meets them, diſguiſed like a Daniſh Prieſt.*)

MELISSA *to* CEALLA.

Hence go not, till thou hear'ſt a friend unknown;
Who I am, ſome fitter ſeaſon ſhall diſcloſe.
If thou would'ſt live, retire—if yet thou can'ſt—
For know, e'en now, a choſen band of Danes,
By Pharon led, ſeeks to prevent retreat.
The time allows no more. *Exit Meliſſa.*

CEALLA.

I'll not believe it——
For ſome dark purpoſe of his own, this prieſt
Would breed diſſention 'twixt the Dane and us.

DUNCAN.

Not ſo, my liege, ſome treachery's on foot;
Amidſt thoſe diſtant trees, the Daniſh garb

This moment ſtrikes mine eye ; the claſh of arms
I alſo hear, or elſe mine ears deceive.

CEALLA.

Perfidious Dane ! but quick the troops aſſemble.
Not many miles from hence is Fingal's camp.
Were we but there, I ſhould defy the foe.
Perhaps 'tis not too late—away—lead on.

Exeunt.

Scene changes to another part of the Wood.

CEALLA, DUNCAN, *and* IRISH SOLDIERS, *re-enter.*

CEALLA.

Ha ! is ev'ry paſs beſet.

DUNCAN.

Each paſs is clos'd
With thronging Danes. One choice alone remains,
To yield ſubmiſſion, or to part with life.

CEALLA.

Oh ! for great Fingal, and my Dalgais now !
But ſay, my gallant ſoldiers, how beats each heart ?
Will ye ignobly live, or bravely die ?

ALL.

We ſcorn ignoble life—we'll bravely die.

CEALLA *draws his ſword, and ſpeaks—*

Then thus I hurl defiance at the Dane.
What are ten thouſand ſlaves, oppos'd to men
Who fight for freedom, and for glory burn ?
Let's on my gallant youths ; there is the path
That leads to Munſter, to your native ſoil :
Think what your country, what your ſires demand :
Think of your monarch's wrongs, and follow me.

Exeunt.

(Fighting is heard for ſome time behind the ſcenes, after which CEALLA *and* DUNCAN *re-enter, engaged with* PHARON *and a number of Danes.)*

Then PHARON *to* CEALLA.

Yield up thy ſword, nor urge deſtruction on.

CEALLA.

Yes, ſlave, when life's no more.

PHARON.

What madneſs this!
To force like ours, what is thy ſtrength oppos'd?
Submit, and taſte our mercy.

CEALLA.

Thy mercy.
Thus I revenge a monarch's wrongs.

DUNCAN.

And thus.

(Whilſt they are ruſhing on the enemy, a party comes behind and diſarms them.)

PHARON.

Thou ſee'ſt reſiſtance is in vain—the chance
Of war is ours.

CEALLA.

The chance of war—not ſo—
Thou durſt not meet me in a field of honor.
Oh! had my tented troops been here embattled,
Not yonder walls had ſcreen'd thy impious king.
Why did I leave my camp? Why thus confide,
Where confidence was folly? Too late I feel it,
And muſt bear my fortune.

PHARON

Moſt royal Sir,
Sitrick, impatient, looks for my return;
Therefore excuſe our inſtant march.

CEALLA.

'Tis yours
To do your duty; nor ſhall I talk to thee
Of broken faith, and nations rights betray'd.
Lead on, we'll follow, Sir.

To DUNCAN.

O now, my frined!
Undaunted let us meet this final ſhock,
The laſt that mortals know. Tho' none have pow'r
To ſhove misfortune back; yet all may riſe
Superior to thoſe ills they can't prevent.
Then let us boldly ſeek that happy ſhore,
Where vice and villainy prevail no more.

Exeunt.

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Palace of Dublin.*

(SITRICK *diſcovered in a room of ſtate, a* CAPTAIN *in waiting.*)

SITRICK.

GO tell the gallant Pharon, that Sitrick burns
To thank his faithful zeal. Bid him conduct
His priſoners here. *Exit* CAPTAIN.
So far my ſcheme ſucceeds:
Whom moſt I hate, is now within my pow'r.
His death will glut my vengeance, and remove
The greateſt rival of my arms. But then,
To whom ſhall Munſter's crown deſcend? Perhaps
To Fingal, who's ſcarce inferior to Cealla.
What, tho' the king is ta'en, his kingdom's force
Is yet unbroken——(*pauſes*)
Suppoſe I tempt my captive
With life and Stira, provided he will yield
Each place of ſtrength and fortreſs in his ſway.
If he conſents, he gains a tott'ring throne,
Which cannot ſtand.—This, this, were truly wiſe;
And for the preſent, my reſentment yields
To my ambition.

PHARON *enters with* CEALLA, DUNCAN, *and a Daniſh guard.*

Welcome, my faithful Pharon!
Well haſt thou fill'd the poſt to thee conſign'd.

Whate'er it fits me to beſtow, demand;
Thou ſhalt not aſk in vain.

PHARON.

Thus to receive
My royal lord's applauſe, is ample recompence.
Yet thus embolden'd, at ſome fitter ſeaſon,
Pharon will preſume to be thy ſuitor.

SITRICK.

Be it ſo. (*Turns to* CEALLA)
At length, Cealla, have our arms prevail'd;
No more art thou victorious o'er the Danes,
But now the pris'ner of their conq'ring ſwords.
Thou know'ſt what vengeance on thy head impells;
Yet hear our mercy: If now thou wilt conſent
To what our terms require, thy liberty,
And Stira's hand, may ſtill be thine.

(CEALLA *gives a look of anger and contempt.*)

Ha! What!
Do'ſt thou behold me with an eye of ſcorn?
Do'ſt thou not know my pow'r? Do'ſt thou not know,
That if I will, this moment is thy laſt?

(CEALLA *repeats his look, ſtill continuing ſilent.*)

Again—nor even deign to anſwer me.
By Heav'n I'll break thy ſpirit, and teach thee, prince,
Preſumption's due.

CEALLA.

Oh Heavens! Preſumption's due!

SITRICK.

Yes, proud king, I ſaid preſumption's due. And know,
If at the riſing ſun you ſhould refuſe,
That Waterford and Caſhell's lofty tow'rs,
That Corke and Lim'rick's ample walls, with all

The towns of ſtrength in Munſter's wide domain,
Be inſtant yielded to the Daniſh ſway.
Thy life ſhall anſwer it.

CEALLA.

Such threats are idle,
When applied to me; for know, I ſcorn a life
That's in thy pow'r to give, or take away.

SITRICK.

When all the dread array of fate appears
Then wilt thou change that haughty look; nay beg
The life you now deſpiſe.

CEALLA.

Think'ſt thou, my ſoul
So little knows the firmneſs of a man,
That poorly frighted, by the trick of woe,
Shock'd by a mere parade, I could reſign
A loyal nation to tyrannic ſway?
Had you e'er felt the flame of patriot fire,
Whoſe purifying blaze ennobles man,
And baniſhes each baſe, each ſelfiſh thought,
Far from the breaſt wherein it deigns to dwell;
You then would know a monarch's fix'd reſolve;
Would know I court the terrors you diſplay,
And for my country's welfare long to die.

SITRICK.

Since thus thou dar'ſt, I'll prove thy boaſting words,
Haſte, Pharon, haſte; with chains this hero bind;
Let coarſeſt food his hunger ſerve, nor let
One ray of light illume his diſmal cell.
In other walls let Duncan be confin'd;
Not e'en thy friend ſhall ſhare, or ſoothe thy woes.
Thou ſhalt be prov'd.

CEALLA.

Come and behold the proof.
Come and behold me in the dungeon's gloom,
Superior to the ills that throng around;

And learn to value what thou can'ſt not know.
Then, quickly lead me to the ſtroke of fate,
With love of country throbbing at my heart;
I'll meet the deſtin'd blow, and ſhow thee, Sitrick,
My life was in thy pow'r, but not my honor.

(Exeunt CEALLA, DUNCAN, PHARON, *and guards.)*

As they are going out, SITRICK *ſpeaks:*

By heav'n, to hear the vauntings of this man,
One might ſuppoſe that he was victor here.

(STIRA *enters in great diſorder, and kneels to him.)*

STIRA.

Oh! with a brother's eye, behold me kneel;
If e'er our parents to thy mem'ry riſe,
Who with their laſt, their lateſt breath, bequeath'd
My helpleſs youth to Sitrick's care. If e'er
You felt one ſpark of fond fraternal love
Ariſe within thy breaſt, oh grant my pray'r!
And let the great Cealla live.

SITRICK.

Away—
How dar'ſt thou call our royal parents ſhades
To witneſs to thy ſhame? I'll caſt thee off,
Nor own thee of my blood.

STIRA.

Oh! think, my lord,
And let theſe tears, this bleeding heart, prevail.
'Twas you that rais'd my fond expecting hopes,
To that delightful ſtate, where late they ſoar'd;
O do not then thus blaſt each promis'd bliſs!
Thus drive me to deſpair.

SITRICK.

Thou wanton, ceaſe—
Nor dare to own thy paſſion for Cealla:

The man of whom our babes with horror ſpeak,
And weeping matrons curſe.

STIRA.

Wrong me not thus—
Nor wound a wretched ſiſter's ſpotleſs fame:
No wanton paſſion in my boſom dwells,
No thought that veſtals might not wiſh to own.
If 'tis a crime to ſee and to admire,
Where ev'ry gen'rous tender virtue joins
To form the man; I gladly boaſt my guilt.

SITRICK.

Since thus thy tongue will riot in the praiſe
Of Sitrick's foe—farewell—I'll hear no more.

STIRA *holds him and ſpeaks.*

Yet hear me, Sitrick! grant what I implore!
I will not aſk thee for theſe promis'd rites;
Such hopes are fled. All I requeſt is this—
Let him be free, and may you be moſt bleſt.
Not e'en my ſorrows ſhall diſturb thy peace.
The mourning Stira from the world retir'd,
Shall ne'er obtrude one ſigh t' offend thine ear;
Beneath ſome ſhade, my tears ſhall ſilent flow,
Till in the grave thy ſiſter's griefs are laid,
And all is huſh'd within the peaceful tomb.

SITRICK.

Why wilt thou plead to ſave a life he ſcorns?
The haughty monarch braves approaching fate:
My offer'd terms are treated with contempt!
E'en Stira's charms have loſt their wonted force;
Nor can they now ſubdue ſo cool a lover.

STIRA.

Alas! had he, my lord, but coolly lov'd,
He had not now been in thy pow'r.

SITRICK.

In vain—
You ſeek to change thy brother's fix'd reſolve:

My terms accepted, can alone reſtore
The Iriſh chief, to liberty or thee.
Go if thou wilt, and try the force of love;
This ring will gain admittance to the king. *Exit.*

Manet STIRA.

Oh! I will quickly ſeek thee, my Cealla!
Uſe all the tender ſoftneſs of my ſex;
Plead the ſweet raptures that await on love,
Melt into tears, and ſteal upon thy heart.
Then, when I find thee bending to my wiſhes,
Seize the fond moment, and obtain compliance.
Exit.

Scene changes to a walk before the Palace.

Enter CLEONES, *looking at a note.*

This is the hour that Pharon bade me here,
To plead forgiveneſs for his late offence.
Thou art forgiv'n, pity alone remains.
When firſt, untutor'd in the wiles of men,
In ſweet ſimplicity, I knew thee Pharon;
Thy ſoul, in native innocence, diſplay'd
The rich perfection nature gave. Alas,
How chang'd! but lo! he comes.

Enter PHARON.

PHARON.

Oh! my Cleones,
Can'ſt thou forgive the phrenzy of a friend?
It was not Pharon, but his frenzy ſpoke,
When falſely I accuſed thee.

CLEONES.

Enough, my lord,
The accuſation, with the phrenzy's, vaniſhed.

PHARON.

Since laſt we parted, what a happy change?
No more I ſeek to fly to foreign climes;

But hope now chears me with approv'd of rites.
My ſervices of late ſo highly pleas'd,
That Sitrick bade me aſk whate'er I wiſh'd.
Encourag'd thus, e'en now, I told my love;
Inſtead of rage, the Dane approv'd my ſuit;
Bade me expect his lovely ſiſter's hand,
If at the riſing of to-morrow's ſun,
Cealla ſhould again reject his terms;
Terms already tri'd, already ſcorn'd.

CLEONES.

My lord,
I wiſh not to offend; permit me, therefore,
To withhold my thoughts.

PHARON.

Nay then, Cleones,
You ſtill remember my offence.

CLEONES.

Believe me
'Tis forgot; but wherefore ſhould I wound my friend,
And give a cenſure, where he hopes applauſe.

PHARON.

O ſpeak again, as thou wert wont to do,
When in our boyiſh days we firſt eſteem'd;
When from the joyous train of ſportive youth,
We choſe each other out, together roam'd,
Together chac'd our rural hours away.
Are we not ſtill the ſame fond friends, Cleones,
Or art thou alter'd, and to Pharon falſe?

CLEONES.

I am the ſame, but thou art chang'd indeed!
How would'ſt thou then have view'd thoſe very deeds,
Which now thy ready hand can ſtoop to aid?
How would'ſt thou then have view'd a king betray'd?
One too, whom e'en the malice of a foe,
Might ſeek to cenſure, and yet ſeek in vain.

Oh! in thoſe hours of unpolluted life,
Methinks I now behold thy glorious rage!
Thy ready ſword almoſt unſheath itſelf,
And as the treach'rous tale was told, thy eyes
Flaſh lightning from their orbs, whilſt every nerve
Grew big with manly indignation!

PHARON.

Alas!——
I feel the juſt reproach; yet ſure, my friend,
When for the public ſtratagem is us'd,
When policy requires a hidden act,
The very colour of the deed is chang'd;
And that, which in the private ſphere of life
Abhorrence claims, then merits our applauſe.

CLEONES.

Oh Heavens! where will mankind's preſumption end?
When thus they dare to alter thy decrees,
To change thoſe laws their great Creator fram'd,
And give to villainy the praiſe of virtue!
If the aſſaſſin, for the price of blood,
Stab in the dark, and give the hir'd blow?
If from revenge, the poinard be unſheath'd,
And buried in the heart for which 'tis drawn?
You call it murder, and as ſuch you puniſh.
But when the ſtateſman acts beneath the maſk
Of ſeeming peace, and of fictitious treaty,
Till he with ſafety can deſtroy a foe:
Both wealth and honors crown the very act,
For which a leſs exalted villain bleeds!

PHARON.

Chide on, chide on, for I have yet ſo much
Of virtue left, as to admire Cleones.
O prove thyſelf a kind, a gen'rous friend,
Point out the way by which I can regain

Thy loſt eſteem; and what is yet ſtill more,
My own applauſe.

CLEONES.

O Pharon! aſk thyſelf,
For conſcience is not dead within thy breaſt;
Aſk if the great Cealla ought to die?
Aſk if the mourning Stira ſhould be thine?
Examine then the part which you have play'd,
And learn the conduct you ſhould now purſue.

PHARON.

Oh! my Cleones, my very ſoul is touch'd:
I'll haſte and uſe the utmoſt of my ſkill
To ſave the monarch's life, and ſet him free.
But to reſign the fond, the flatt'ring hope,
Of Stira being mine, is ſurely more
Than ev'n virtue can demand.

CLEONES.

You dream!——
Where is the hope I aſk you to reſign?
Wert thou poſſeſs'd of Stira's hand, her mind
Muſt ever on Cealla dwell. E'en now
The lovely maid deplores her captive lover,
And averted rites. A gen'rous paſſion ſhow;
Lead her to happineſs, which can't be thine;
And prove at leaſt, that you deſerve her love.

PHARON.

My reaſon tells me thou art right; and yet
My tortur'd heart revolts againſt that reaſon.
But I will call my reſolution forth,
Will riſe ſuperior to the voice of paſſion,
And be again the part'ner of thy virtues.

Exit.

Manet CLEONES.

May Heav'n ſupport thee in the great reſolve!
But oh! I fear, too arduous is the taſk.

At firſt th' ingenuous mind, with horror views,
The frightful form of vice. But ſoon, alas!
The dire contagion ſpreads; we dare to do,
What we but lately ſhudder'd to behold.
Each finer feeling to the world gives way,
And cuſtom rules us with deſpotic ſway.

Exit.

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.

(CEALLA *discovered in prison, with a single taper burning.*)

(Comes forward.)

CEALLA.

WHERE now the regal pomp and proud parade ?
Where now my thronging chiefs, eager to show
A real or fictitious zeal ? And oh ! where now
The nuptial torch, and Hymen's promis'd rites ?
The radiant sun ne'er shed his golden beams
Around a happier monarch's brow, when last
His bright effulgence bless'd the world.
But thus the fabric moulders into dust,
Whose base is founded on the ground of life.
Ah ! foolish man, who to the future blind,
By fancy's gay creation fondly paints,
Sweet scenes of bliss, that never can arrive.

(STIRA *enters, and* CEALLA, *perceiving her, exclaims*)

Ha ! doth some bright phantom mock a wretch,
Or can it be——It is, it is, my Stira——
(runs to her and embraces her)
Let me thus press thee to my full, full heart.
O Sitrick ! now it is I fear to die.

STIRA.

Yet live to love and me ; if thoud'st prefer
A private life, before an humbled throne.

With thee, to ſome lone rural ſpot I'll fly—
Sequeſter'd from the world, with thee be bleſt,
Nor think of royalty reſign'd——

CEALLA.

Oh no!
A thouſand reaſons, do my bliſs obſtruct,
And place eternal obſtacles between.

STIRA.

What tho' glory may not, on the deed attend—
Yet love its balmieſt influence ſhall ſhed,
Shall make us happieſt, of the human race.
No pomp I ſeek, no glitt'ring badge of pow'r—
No ſplendid roof—no high repaſt demand—
So thou art mine, I care not for ſuch toys.
With thee the humbleſt cot will ſtill delight
The ſimpleſt food—the coarſeſt dreſs will pleaſe.
With thee the pleaſing part'ner of each toil,
Theſe hands ſhall gladly labour from the morn
Till in the weſt, the ev'ning ſun deſcends.
Then by thy friendly arm upheld, I'll ſeek
The peaceful ſhelter, of our ſweet retreat:
There welcome in the night, with vows of love,
And bury ev'ry care, within thy arms.

CEALLA.

Ah! ceaſe! ſuch unexampl'd love, refrain—
Already doth my reſolution ſhake,
To liſten longer, would its fall complete.
Had fortune plac'd me, in an humbler ſphere,
How eagerly I'd ſeek ſome rural ſpot,
Far from the noiſe and buſtle of the world,
By woods emburied and by rocks begirt.
There would I taſte true happineſs with thee—
With thee each extacy of love, enjoy—
And bleſs the lowly lot, whoſe peaceful toil,
Ne'er led me from my Stira's charms away.
But now, my honor, and my fame's at ſtake—

Nay more—my love. For love like thine muſt ceaſe,
When it no longer can eſteem.

STIRA.

Alas!
What is this honor, or this bubble, fame!
Whoſe airy praiſe, thus tempts us to forego,
All real, for imaginary bliſs?

CEALLA.

What elſe but theſe, could keep mankind in awe?
But ſay—doth Stira wiſh me to comply?
Would ſhe embrace the king, whoſe ſelfiſh ſoul,
Could meanly practice on a people's love?
Could thus aſſaſſinate the public weal!

STIRA.

Pardon the warring paſſions of my breaſt—
Thy honor, and thy fame, is mine—begone
The weakneſs of my ſex, and let me prove,
That I am worthy of the great Cealla.

CEALLA.

Would but the fair, thus plead in virtue's cauſe,
Who then could be a villain! But why thus weep?
O ſtop thoſe tears—they pierce me to the ſoul!
Shake my reſolves, and make a coward of me.

STIRA.

Oh Ceaila! how eaſy 'tis to boaſt!
My feelings, and my reaſon, are at war.
Methinks, I now behold thy mangl'd corſe—
Thy body writhing, in the pangs of death—
O ſave me! ſave me! from the dreadful image
Or madneſs will enſue—

(throws herſelf on his boſom.)

CEALLA.

Oh! my lov'd Stira,
Yield not to ſuch thoughts!—The pitying heav'ns
Which now behold our innocence and woes,

May yet, by ſome unlook'd for means, avert
Impending ruin, and our bliſs reſtore.

STIRA.

Vain is the hope! no pitying heav'ns avert,
Thy hapleſs fate—too ſurely wilt thou bleed—
And oh! diſtracting thought—wilt bleed for me!

CEALLA, (*embracing her*)

Oh Stira! for ever could I hold thee thus!
Here claſp thee, till the hand of drooping age,
No more obey'd the dictates of my love!

STIRA, (*withdrawing herſelf.*)

O let me go, whilſt yet, I have the pow'r!—
My lips deny, an utt'rance to my thoughts!
Let then, theſe tears, ſupply the place of words,
And bid to thee, my lord, a laſt farewell!

(*goes ſlowly out*, CEALLA *gazing after her.*)

CEALLA.

She's gone—and with her ev'ry joy is fled.
Thus doth the wretch, whom ſome o'erwhelming wave,
Hath ſwept from off the deck; behold the ſhip,
Paſs rapid thro' the deep—ſtill as ſhe goes,
His hopes of life decline—no longer ſeen,
Deſpair o'erpowers his ſoul—he ſtrives no more,
But yields, as I do, to his hopeleſs fate.

(*Scene cloſes*)

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter SITRICK *and* PHARON *converſing.*

SITRICK.

What then, doth Pharon plead, in ſuch a cauſe?
Seeks he to looſe a lion from the toil?
Inflam'd with inſult, and with vengeance fir'd.

PHARON.

Let not ill-grounded fears, miſlead my prince.
Genr'rous and noble, is the captive chief.

Give but thy lovely ſiſter to his arm,
Let liberty unpinion'd wait his ſteps,
Not clogg'd by baſe conceſſions—And truſt me ſir,
You'll gain a friend, where you ſuſpect a foe.

SITRICK.

Ha! do I wake! Is Stira held ſo cheap,
That Pharon ſlights, what he ſo late implor'd.
Doth Sitrick ſtoop to join his blood to thine,
That thou ſhouldſt ſcorn, the hand he offers. Nay more—
Shouldſt praiſe, with laviſh tongue, the man I hate.

PHARON.

O do not wrong thy ſervant's faithful zeal
Stira is dearer to my heart, than life.
If then I ſeek to loſe, what moſt I prize,
For Sitrick's welfare—can I more fully prove,
The gratitude I feel, for all the gifts,
Of my indulgent maſter?

SITRICK.

Were theſe, thy motives?
I thank thy zeal nor longer doubt thy truth.
But lo! the mourning Stira hither comes,
And in the ſettl'd ſadneſs of her brow,
I read the haughty monarch's ſtern reſolve.

STIRA *enters.*

What then! hath female ſoftneſs urg'd in vain
Its fond attachment, and the joys of love?
Could he unmov'd behold, thoſe flowing tears?
Now by th' immortal gods, if yet one drop
Of Denmark's royal blood, courſe thro' thy veins
And tells thee of thy birth, thou'lt be reveng'd!
Wilt to a fonder lover give thy hand,
E'en in the preſence of this haughty king:
And greatly ſhew you've learnt to ſcorn the man,
Whoſe pride's ſuperior to his love for thee!

STIRA.

Could he to ſelfiſh pleaſures, yield up all,
That ſpeaks the monarch, and adorns the man,
He would indeed deſerve my ſcorn. For know,
Tho' unavailing woe, muſt caſt a ſhade,
O'er ev'ry future hour—Tho' grief unceaſing
Thro' a ſad exiſtence, waits me to the grave—
I'd rather bear it all, than give my hand,
Where forfeit honor was the price that gain'd it!

SITRICK.

No more ſhalt thou abuſe thy brother's patience,
With idle nonſenſe, and romantic folly.
Entreaties from this moment, ceaſe—and now
In me, thou ſee'ſt a maſter, whoſe power ſupreme,
Muſt be confeſs'd—madam, behold the man,
Whom Sitrick deſtines, for thy lord.

PHARON.

'Tis o'er
I'm loſt again, and virtue is no more—
aſide.

Enter a Daniſh captain in haſte, to Sitrick.

CAPTAIN.

My lord—my lord—the Iriſh chief is gone—
By wond'rous means.

SITRICK.

Cealla gone.
Bring forth the treach'rous guard.

STIRA.

Bleſt be the gods.

CAPTAIN.

My royal lord, Duncan alone, hath 'ſcap'd,
From out th' caſtern tow'r—a bar remov'd,
Declares, the wond'rous means, by which the chief
Obtain'd a paſſage to the waves below.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Danes e'en yet their ſenſes doubt,

So daring was the act—But all agree,
He periſh'd in the wild attempt.

SITRICK.

'Tis well—
I'm calm again—Double Cealla's guard
And on thy life, be vigilant o'er him.

Exit Captain.

Nay then, ſince bars, ſince waves oppoſe in vain,
My tardy vengeance ſhall no longer ſleep.
Madam, prepare my pleaſure to fulfill—
This very night, ſhall give thy hand to Pharon.
Nay ſpare thy tears, they on a lover fail'd,
And truſt me, Stira, ſhall not now avail!

Exit.

PHARON.

Wilt thou permit me, princeſs, to ſooth thy woes,
And ſhare at leaſt, the grief I cannot cure.
If to adore thee, more than all thy ſex,
If to have lov'd in ſilence, from that hour,
When firſt, thoſe heav'nly beauties caught mine eye,
Can merit a return, 'tis Pharon's right.
O let me then, thus ſeize thy hand—thus ſpeak.

STIRA.

Away—thou baſe inſulter, go—nor prove,
That ev'ry virtue, hath forſook thy breaſt.
My ſorrows would be private, ſir,—not ſeen,
By ſuch as thou art.

PHARON.

Oh! kill not with thy ſcorn,
The man who loves thee—to diſtraction, loves.
Could'ſt thou but behold the feelings of this heart,
No longer would theſe keen reproaches flow.

STIRA.

Thy feelings are indeed, to me unknown,
Unleſs the blood of Innocence betray'd,
Unleſs ſubſervience, to a tyrants will,

Be rank'd as ſuch—But hear me e'er I go—
Not all the pow'r of him, thou calleſt lord,
Shall ever force me to be thine—

Exit.

Manet PHARON.

She hates—
Deteſts my ſuit—But I am now, ſo far,
Involv'd, that I muſt on—ſhe yet may love,
The die is caſt, and Stira muſt be mine.

Exit.

Scene changes to Cealla's Priſon, and Meliſſa enters to him, in the habit of a Prieſt, as before.

MELISSA.

When laſt I ſought thee, 'twas without ſucceſs—
May this attempt, prove more propitious.

CEALLA.

I thank thee, gen'rous prieſt, and well remember
Thy former kindneſs.

MELISSA.

No prieſt deſerves thy thanks.

CEALLA.

Teach me to know, to whom I am oblig'd.

MELISSA.

Suppoſe Meliſſa.

CEALLA.

Meliſſa! Sitrick's queen!

MELISSA.

Yes, but one that hates a villain, one too
O! how ſhall I pronounce it, that loves Cealla.
(*the latter part ſpoke in her own voice.*)

CEALLA.

Good Heav'n, it is Meliſſa!

MELISSA.

It is indeed,
By love, reſiſtleſs love impell'd—I have

Aſſum'd this garb, and gain'd this royal ſignet,
ſhewing one.
This ſignet, theſe gates can open—but ſoon,
The fraud muſt be diſclos'd, and I muſt fly—
Wilt thou, if I for thee, my fame reſign—
For thee, forego, my friends, my country, all—
Wilt thou for life—for liberty reſtor'd,
Make me the part'ner of thy flight, and ſhare,
That life—that liberty with me, ſay ſo—
And on the inſtant thou art free.

CEALLA.

I feel,
The gratitude I owe, yet have no means,
To prove its truth. My heart is not my own.

MELISSA.

Stira can't be thine.

CEALLA.

I know it, nor can I,
Another's.—

MELISSA.

Thus, thus, 'tis ever, when our ſex,
Can ſtoop to ſue.—Am I ſo odious grown,
That death and torture, is preferr'd to me?
Yet think, Cealla, e'er a woman's rage,
Reſign thee to thy fate—

CEALLA.

Why leave me to that fate—
For I can ne'er be thine. Were my heart as free
As 'twas, when firſt I ſaw my Stira, yet ſtill,
I ſhould refuſe—for thou art Sitrick's wife.
How could I bear to reaſcend my throne—
To reaſſume the office of a king—
Yet dare to live, in open violation,
Of ev'ry law, divine, and human.

MELISSA.

What then,
Have I for thee, broke thro' all female ties—
For thee, diſguis'd my ſex, and in this garb,
Pronounc'd my ſhame; that thou ſhould'ſt thus in-
ſult me!
Thus talk to me, of ties that bind thy ſex—
When e'en the world, ſcarce cenſures man for what,
It ne'er forgives in ours—Then die, Cealla—
For as thou ſeek'ſt, I'll leave thee to thy fate.

Exit.

Manet CEALLA.

Why I can die but once, and once muſt die.
Then he's a fool, who clogs precarious life,
With vice or villainy—By thy Almighty pow'r,
O God of all, this wond'rous frame was made,
And when it ſuits thy will muſt be diſſolv'd.
For me, what then remains? Or bound, or free—
I will ſubmiſſive yield, to thy decree.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Palace of Dublin.*

STIRA *diſcover'd alone, at a table, on which a phial is plac'd—*

STIRA.

Oft have I heard of precious drugs, whoſe pow'r,
In ſpite of pain, or anguiſh, lulls to reſt—
Such this phial holds—ſo potent in its nature,
That twenty drops, will certain ſleep procure.
Then all muſt give my wiſh—Eternal ſleep.
Drinks it off.

Enter a female Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

Madam, thy preſence is requir'd—

STIRA.

Go ſay,
I am prepar'd—thanks to this precious phial—

ATTENDANT.

Oh Heav'ns! My princeſs has not poiſon ta'en!

STIRA.

And didſt thou think, that Pharon e'er ſhould claim,
Thy miſtreſs, as his own—O my Cealla,
This draught, quick in effect, hath made me thine,
For ever—aſſiſt me to my chamber, then haſte
To the aſſembl'd Danes, and tell my Brother,
How his mandate is obey'd—ſupport me—Oh!
Exeunt.

Scene changes to a room of ſtate, diſcovering Sitrick, Pharon, Meliſſa, Prieſt, Attendants male *and* female, *and* Cleones *at a little diſtance from the reſt, muſing and melancholy.*

Female attendant enters, and kneels to Sitrick.

SITRICK.

Where, thy miſtreſs? we wait, but for her preſence.

ATTENDANT.

Pardon my lord, the fatal news I bring—
E'en now ſhe breathes her laſt, ſhe ſcarce could ſay,
'Twas poiſon, that ſhe died of—

PHARON.

Wretch that I am—
'Tis I that am her murderer—

SITRICK.

Then what am I?—
(*a great noiſe is heard*)
But hark! What ſtrange alarm, thus ſtrikes our ear,
Thus rends the vaulted roof, with martial ſounds
Of diſtant war—

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

To arms, to arms—my Lord!
Already are our walls aſcended by the foe,
With dreadful fury, Fingall leads them on,
And ev'ry tongue, proclaims Cealla's wrongs.
(*The women fly off the ſtage*)

SITRICK.

Ha! the troops of Munſter here!—this inſtant,
Shall their monarch die—take this Cleones,
(*gives him a ſignet*)
Bury thy poniard in his heart, and ſay,
Twas Sitrick ſent thee, away—

Exit Cleones.

now to the fight,
We'll lead our valiant Danes—and drive theſe raſh
Invaders from our walls—

Exeunt.

Scene changes to the Priſon, where Cealla *is diſcovered ſleeping*—Cleones *enters and gazes on him.*—

CLEONES.

Happy Cealla! no guilty deed diſturbs,
Thy uncorrupted ſoul—calm and ſerene,
E'en here, thou ſleep'ſt in peace—

CEALLA *wakes.*

CEALLA.

Speak, who art thou?

CLEONES, *ſhewing the Signet and a Dagger.*

See this, and this, brave prince, and gueſs the reſt.

CEALLA.

I gueſs it all, and am prepar'd to die—
Thou ſeem'ſt diſturb'd – Humanity calls forth,
Thy pity for my fate, and ſtops thy arm—
Fear not to ſtrike the blow, 'tis Sitrick's act,
And all the guilt belongs to him—

CLEONES.

View me—
This face examine well, recollect'ſt thou aught,
That tells thee we have met before?—

CEALLA.

Thou art,
To me unknown—nor do I recollect,
That e'er I ſaw thee, till this hour—

CLEONES.

Then, thus—
I execute a tyrant's fell command—
(*throws away the dagger and unbinds him*)
Haſt thou forgot that day, when ſunk to earth,

I begg'd for life, nor did in vain implore—
Thy ſword uplifted, ready to deſcend,
Fell harmleſs, to the ground. Thy boon be thine,
Thou cried'ſt—if e'er a foe beneath thy arm
Shall ſink, ſpare thou his life, and I'm repaid.
Oft have I wiſh'd ſome bleſt occaſion ſince,
This debt to pay, and thus 'tis now diſcharg'd—
Thy troops now ſtorm the ſouthern ſide, take this—
(*gives him a ſword.*)
Theſe walls no longer thee detain—For me,
I'll haſte, to where the thickeſt fight prevails—
This act forbids me to ſurvive— *Exit.*

Manet CEALLA.

He's gone!
O may ſome guardian pow'r, thy purpoſe thwart
And ſave thee from thyſelf! Is't poſſible?
My troops already here! How can it be?—
But now's no time for thought—This way leads forth.
Exit.

Scene changes to SITRICK's *Palace.*

Enter Duncan, Iriſh Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

DUNCAN.

No tidings of our monarch yet? Thoſe gates
Thrown wide, which late the king confin'd—declare
Some dreadful deed. O ſhould he be no more,
What joy can vict'ry yield or conqueſt give?
But hark! ſome one with haſty ſtep draws near.—

Enter CEALLA.

'Tis he—he lives—and all my fears are o'er—

CEALLA.

Come to my arms—my lov'd—my gallant friend—
Words are too poor, to ſpeak thy prince's thanks—
And ye, my brave, my faithful warriors all—
Accept th' o'erflowings of thy monarch's heart,

Whoſe grateful ſoul, ſhall well repay thy love,
But never can forget it—

ALL.

For ſuch a king—
Who would not fight—who would not die?

CEALLA.

Once more—
I thank ye all—now Duncan let me know,
By what unlook'd for means, I ſee thee here?

DUNCAN.

Then briefly thus—When evening's ſhade approach'd,
I gain'd the waves that waſh'd my priſon's baſe,
And reach'd the ſhore, beyond theſe hoſtile gates.
Not many hours, had I purſu'd my way,
When to the right, amidſt the trees, I ſpied,
The glare of arms, the moon's full orb diſplay'd
The forms of men, and the quick ear beſpoke
Approaching ſteps. Alarm'd, I chang'd my courſe,
And to the left prepar'd to fly—juſt then,
A party ruſhing forth oppos'd my way:
But what my glad ſurpriſe! when I beheld,
Theſe dear companions of my earlieſt arms.
Great Fingall led them on, from whom I learn'd,
Some few had 'ſcap'd unnotic'd from the fight,
Had reach'd his camp, and told the treach'rous deed.
Enrag'd he inſtant march'd th' impatient troops,
And thus unlook'd for are we here.

CEALLA.

But ſay,
How was the vict'ry gain'd? I burn to know,
The glorious ſcene—quick let me know it all.

DUNCAN.

Fir'd by my tale, we quickly reach'd this town,
And led our furious troops to the aſſault.
The Danes ſurpris'd, at firſt made no defence,

We gain'd the wall, and beat their feeble guard.
But ſoon the day was chang'd, their ſwarming troops
Clos'd up each gap of death, and ſeem'd t' increaſe
Not leſſen by our ſlaught'ring ſwords—in vain
Our little band oppos'd their dauntleſs breaſts,
To all the ſhock of war—their num'rous foes,
With unremitting fury, drove them on
To where a dreadful precipice o'erhangs
The waves beneath. Deſpair fill'd ev'ry heart—
And certain death appear'd on ev'ry hand—
When lo! the valiant Fingal, ever firſt
Bright glory's path to tread, on Sitrick ruſh'd—
And graſp'd the tyrant in his dreadful arms.
Vengeance he cried! And with a furious ſpring
From off the rock he leap'd—great Dugal next,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Pharon ſeiz'd with equal rage,
And copied Fingal's godlike deed—the Danes,
A moment ſtood, and fearful gaz'd below.—
Such deſp'rate acts their fortitude ſubdu'd—
Such deſp'rate acts our troops inſpir'd—they fled
And conqueſt crown'd our arms—

CEALLA.

O glorious men!
Such deaths as yours, make even conqueſt dear.
But ſuch men do not die! their deeds immortal,
Borne on the wings of time, for ever live,
For ever claim the tribute of applauſe!
Eternal honours wait their ſacred ſhades!
And from their aſhes, future heroes ſpring.

DUNCAN.

My royal liege, among the captive Danes,
One chief was ta'en, who ſeem'd to court his fate—
Ne'er did theſe eyes behold a braver warrior.

CEALLA.

Ha! go ſeek him out—If I conjecture right,
To him, you owe your king—conduct him hither.

Exit Duncan *and Soldiers.*

Manet CEALLA.

CEALLA.

'Tis here my Stira dwells, thy gentle ſoul
But ill agrees with the rude din of arms.
I'll haſte, and ſoothe thy cares to peace.—

Exit.

Scene opens, diſcovering Stira ſtretch'd on a couch, as if dead, her Attendants weeping round her, and a Phyſician ſitting by her.

Enter CEALLA.

CEALLA.

What mean theſe ſounds of woe? celeſtial pow'rs!
And is it thus we meet?—

(kneels by her)

Oh lovely maid!
Here will I gaze, here ſtay whilſt life remains.
O look on me, as thou wert wont, and glance,
That ſoft delicious fondneſs, to my ſoul.
O let thoſe balmy lips once more pour forth,
Harmonious numbers to my raviſh'd ears.
Alas! thoſe eyes have loſt their melting ſweets—
Thoſe lips no more, their heav'nly ſounds diſpenſe—
Death revels over ev'ry charm—hark! hark!
She calls, ſhe chides my loit'ring hand—

(*Starts up and draws his ſword.*)

I come,
I come—and thus—

(*The Phyſician ſeizes his arm and ſpeaks.*)

This raſhneſs ceaſe—
And learn from me, that Stira yet ſurvives.
No poiſon hath ſhe ta'en, but in its ſtead,
A draught of wond'rous power, that, for a time,
Doth mimic death.

CEALLA.

O ſay again 'tis ſo—
But as you hope for happineſs, hereafter,
Tell me if this ſtrange tale, doth bear the ſtamp
Of holy truth?

PHYSICIAN.

It's truth, e'en now behold,
For lo! ſhe wakes.

CEALLA.

She breathes, her eye reſumes
Its wonted luſtre, and her pale cheek regains
Its blooming honors—yes, yes, ſhe doth ſurvive.

Stira *raiſes herſelf and looks wildly round.*

STIRA.

Surrounding ſpirits ſay! what manſion this,
Where Stira's doom'd to dwell! methinks theſe walls
Are not unknown! my lov'd attendants too!
And oh! thou lov'd ſhade, is Heav'n thus kind,
To give me thee? (*to* Cealla.)

CEALLA.

Recall thy wond'ring ſpirits!
No poiſon tears thee hence, but years of bliſs
Shall crown thy virtues here—

PHYSICIAN.

Madam, forgive
A fraud that from attachment ſprung—I did
Suſpect thy purpoſe—

STIRA.

Thou wert my guardian angel.

CEALLA.

So wert thou mine—thy care ſhall be requited.

STIRA.

But how this change? how do I thus behold thee?
Where is Sitrick?

CEALLA.

He lives no more, my troops
Surpris'd theſe walls, and now are maſters of them.

STIRA.

O wondrous providence! and where's Meliſſa?

Female ATTENDANT.

On Sitrick's fate ſhe bade the world adieu,
And now devotes her life to holy deeds.

STIRA.

That peace be hers, which holy deeds deſerve.

DUNCAN *and* Soldiers *enter with* CLEONES *in chains.*

DUNCAN.

Behold, my liege, the valiant Dane, whoſe arm—

CEALLA.

And do I ſee my kind deliverer thus—
Unlooſe theſe chains, to him you owe your king.
(He is unbound.)
Say, gen'rous Dane, what can a monarch give,
That worth like yours, will honor with acceptance.

CLEONES.

One only boon I aſk, moſt noble king—
Let not the Danes, to juſt reſentment fall—
Forget thoſe wrongs, which but diſgrac'd thy foes;
And having conquer'd them, thyſelf ſubdue.

CEALLA.

No pow'r I claim o'er Denmark's ſons—but that,
Of making thee their lord. Thou'rt form'd to rule,
Nor will I be denied.
(Turns to DUNCAN.)
And now, my friend,
Go looſe the chains of ev'ry captive Dane,
Baniſh their fears, and tell them, they are free.
Then ſee, my Duncan, that our valiant troops,
Elated with ſucceſs, oppreſs them not:
Nor baſely give an inſult, to the fall'n.

(Addreſſes the AUDIENCE.

When in the field, we meet oppoſing foes—
When ſteel to ſteel is clos'd, in deadly ſtrife—
Let rage inſpire and fury ſtalk at large.
But when the fortune of the day is caſt—
When in the vanquiſh'd we no longer meet
Contending arms—let mercy walk abroad—
The conquer'd ſoothe, and mitigate their pain,
The dying comfort, and the wounded heal.
Succeſs indeed our admiration draws—
But 'tis humanity deſerves applauſe.

END.

AN

ELEGY

On the Death of the Rev. JOHN DOBBS,

Who died at Liſburn *in* Ireland, *at the age of* 22 *years, the Author being then in* England.

AH me! what means that ſhriek of woe?
From yonder oak, why ſcreams the owl?
Why do theſe tears unbidden flow?
And whence this anguiſh of the ſoul?

Too well this mournful ſeal declares,
Some valu'd friend, for ever fled:
Some darling of my earlieſt years,
Doth now lie mingl'd with the dead.

Oh! 'tis too much! art thou no more?
Am I for ever robb'd of thee?
Muſt I in vain thy loſs deplore?
And ne'er again, my brother ſee?

My brother! oh too cold the name!
Poor are the ties of blood alone:
To join our hearts, ſweet friendſhip came,
And virtue, my affection won.

How oft, with tranſport did I view,
Thy worth, expanding, with thy days:
Thy virtues with thy ſtature grew,
And honor nurtur'd, all thy ways.

Benevolence adorn'd thy heart—
Philanthropy, thy ſoul inſpir'd:
Sincere thou wert, and knew not art,
For no diſguiſe, you e'er requir'd.

Ah! why! thus diſtant did I roam,
When ſickneſs lurk'd within thy frame?
Why abſent, from my native home,
When this, laſt fatal arrow, came.

Why was I not at hand to pour,
The balm of friendſhip round thy head?
To watch by thee, the midnight hour,
And ſooth the pangs diſeaſe had bred.

Why was I not at hand to pay,
The laſt ſad duties of a friend?
To wait upon thy honor'd clay,
And all its ſolemn rites attend.

Methinks, that I ſhould leſs have griev'd,
Had I, thy dying hand poſſeſs'd—
Had I, one laſt farewell receiv'd,
And with a fond adieu been bleſs'd.

For oh! a thouſand thoughts ariſe,
That in thy life time dormant lay:
My language rude—my tart replies—
Now glare, in all the blaze of day.

Hear this, ye living brothers, hear!
'Tis not enough that we approve.
Each word—each geſture—ſtill ſhould bear,
The ſtamp of friendſhip, and of love.

Ah cruel death! could'ſt thou not find,
Some hateful object for thy aim?
Some wretch abhorr'd—whoſe tainted mind,
Diſgrac'd his kindred, and his name.

Is all that's lovely, moſt thy choice?
Do'ſt thou the vicious longeſt ſave?
Do'ſt thou in human woe rejoice?
Doth goodneſs haſt'n to the grave.

But whither doth my frenzy ſtray?
How dare I chide th' Almighty's deed?
Oh pardon! pardon what I ſay,
And to my ſorrows lend thy aid!

Reaſon proclaims, that God is juſt—
That virtue's his peculiar care—
I bend ſubmiſſive in the duſt,
And from my mournful theme forbear.

An ELEGY *on the death of lieutenant* WILLIAM DOBBS.

THE circumſtances attending his loſs, were peculiarly honorable, and melancholy. He happened to be at Belfaſt, when Paul Jones in the Ranger Privateer appeared off the mouth of that harbour. The Drake ſloop of war, was then at anchor in the bay, and her only Lieutenant was buried a few days before. Lieutenant DOBBS, whoſe ſhip was at Portſmouth, in this ſituation, thought it his duty to go on board the Drake, and in the engagement that followed, was mortally wounded, but the Drake being taken, and carried to France, his death was not known for ſome time after. He had been privately married only three days, when he voluntarily undertook this danger.

AT length, thy mournful fate's diſclos'd—
No more can fancy life beſtow.
To hope—is certainty oppos'd—
And expectation's loſt in woe.

Too well thy naval pride was known—
Thy love of glory, too—too plain—
To let me think, the day was gone,
And thou in ſafety, did'ſt remain.

Yet ſtill I hop'd—ſtill fondly thought,
My much lov'd friend, again to ſee.
Oft in idea, wert thou brought,
Again to bleſs, thy home, and me.

Oft did my fancy, lead thee forth,
'Midſt crowds, whoſe breaſts with friend-
ſhip glow'd;
Where ev'ry tongue proclaim'd thy worth—
And ev'ry heart, with joy o'erflow'd.

Oft have I view'd thy riſing days—
Thy certain proſpects of reward.
Bleſt with a grateful country's praiſe,
And honour'd with thy king's regard.

Oft have I painted the dear ſcene,
When I, my Will's return ſhould greet—
When after ſeparation's pain,
I ſhould again my brother meet.

Alas! no thronging crowds ſhall now,
With loud applauſe, declare thee here—
Thy friends with heavy ſorrow bow,
And ſhed, the unavailing tear.

No more ſhall flow, the ſparkling wine,
Thy heart-felt welcome to declare—
No more the tranſport ſhall be mine,
Thy lov'd ſociety to ſhare.

Why would'ſt thou riſk, a life ſo dear—
And court thoſe dangers, thou couldſt ſhun?
No loſs of honour thoud'ſt to fear—
No duty left, by thee undone.

How could'ſt thou leave a weeping bride—
The deareſt object of thy choice?
Scarce had thy nuptial knot been tied,
When thou wert caught by glory's voice.

Oh where was then the God of love!
When thus invaded was his ſway?
Why not at hand, his power to prove,
And baniſh glory, far away.

But thou art gone—and all is o'er—
And all that's of thee's but a name.
No earthly bliſs, hath heav'n in ſtore,
But thou haſt ſacrific'd to fame.

Hear this ye living ſons of war,
Like him belov'd—if ſuch there be!—
Oh! let not ſpirit urge too far,
But live, from needleſs dangers, free.

Do not, like him, all fear diſdain—
All thoughts but glory, thus deſpiſe.
Hear not like him, a bride in vain,
But learn, your ſafety more to prize.

What tho' no praiſe mankind beſtow,
You lie not in a wat'ry grave:
But live t' enjoy, what's worth below—
Nor friends, nor wife, to ſorrow leave.

Oh thou dear youth! that thou wert here!
Thus undiſtinguiſh'd, living now.
That I could raiſe thee from thy bier!
And tear ſuch laurels from thy brow.

Forbear—forbear—his ſhade exclaims!
To wiſh that deed thou mourn'ſt undone.
Rather rejoice, at what proclaims,
Immortal fame, and bright renown.

It is not life, merely to live—
For length of time, to breathe unknown.
This, to the vileſt, fate may give—
By merit only glory's won.

Short is the life of oldeſt age—
Where worthleſs years unnotic'd fly.
Their days are long, in wiſdom's page,
Who live belov'd—lamented die.

The inhabitants of Liſburn, where Lieutenant DOBBS was born, have erected a very beautiful Monument to his memory, on which is the following Epitaph; written by counſellor JOHN DUNN.

This marble is ſacred to the memory
Of Lieutenant William Dobbs,
A Naval Officer,
Who terminated his career of virtue,
By an illuſtrious diſplay of valour,
On board one of his Majeſty's ſloops of war;
Where endeavouring to ſnatch Victory from Fortune,
In oppoſition to ſuperior force,
He fell, a ſelf-devoted victim to his country.
His body reſts in that element,
On which Great-Britain has long rode triumphant,
By the exertions of men like him.
His afflicted townſmen,
By ſtrewing laurels over his empty monument,
Derive honor to themſelves,
They can add nothing to his fame.

He was born at *Liſburn*, on the 22d day of September, 1746, and died of his wounds on board the Drake, the 26th of April, 1778.

A

POEM,

ON

Miss D———Y M———E's

Promiſing the Author a Sword-knot, after he had ſaid he would ſcribble no more.

IT happ'ned once, a youthful ſwain,
To lines poetic, bade adieu:
Reſolv'd his fancy to reſtrain,
And graver ſubjects to purſue.

Apollo laugh'd, to hear the boy,
Then ſought Rathfarnham's verdant ſhade,
There in a bow'r perceiv'd with joy,
And thus addreſs'd his fav'rite maid.

Thou faireſt of the beauteous train,
That grace Hibernia's happy iſle -
Let not a God implore in vain,
But on his purpoſe deign to ſmile.

The fondeſt vot'ry of my ſway,
Who lately at my altar ſung:
No longer tunes the ſportive lay,
His lyre neglected, and unſtrung.

Let lovely Dolly try her ſkill
Again he'll feel th' inſpiring flame.
Again he'll ſnatch deſcription's quill,
And gladly ſing ſo ſweet a theme.

Thus ſpoke the God—the nymph comply'd—
Behold a wond'rous knot ariſe!
Her flow'rs of art, with nature's vied,
And fairer ſeem'd to Strephon's eyes.

He, fooliſh youth, the gift receiv'd,
And bleſs'd the lovely artiſt's hand.
But ſoon his folly he perceiv'd—
This charm, what mortal could withſtand.

Her heav'nly form, by magic rais'd,
Appear'd in ev'ry flow'r to grow.
More fair it ſeem'd, the more he gaz'd—
In ev'ry fold, he ſaw Munroe.

His vow, no longer, was confeſt
The numbers trembled on his tongue—
Soft tumults roſe, within his breaſt—
And thus 'tis ſaid, the poet ſung.

Heav'n's deities, who ſaw with pain,
The frailties of the female kind—
Their loſt perfection to regain,
A perfect model, was deſign'd.

Venus a beauteous frame prepar'd,
That ſeem'd ſo exquiſitely fair—
The queen of beauty almoſt fear'd,
She had beſtow'd too ſoft an air.

Minerva next, employ'd her art—
With ſenſe moſt elegant inſpir'd:
With ſo much care, ſhe train d the heart,
The charming form, was leaſt admir'd.

The graces alſo, lent their aid,
And gave, an unaffected eaſe.
Then to complete the lovely maid,
Beſtow'd a thouſand winning ways.

Great Jove beheld with glad ſurpriſe,
And wond'ring view d, the new-made frame,
She gently rais'd, her downcaſt eyes—
E'en Jove confeſs'd a growing flame.

But watchful Juno, who perceiv'd,
And choſe to curb it, in its birth,
Quick in a cloud, the nymph convey'd,
From high Olympus down to Earth.

E'er ſince ſhe glads Ierne's plains
And princely Ely's ſweet retreat.
The adoration, of the ſwains—
Nor can e'en female envy, hate.

Here mem'ry ſtopt the poet's ſtrain—
He ceas'd to ſing, with many a ſigh
His broken vow renew'd again,
And threw his Lyre, for ever by.

FINIS.